Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain ,
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again ,
Who, like a king perplexed m his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes ,
As when the wind, imprisoned in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound
This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes ,

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench' d
In his soft flank , whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench' d
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood and seem'd with him to bleed

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth,
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth ,
She thinks he could not die, lie is not dead
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now

April THE LIBELS AGAINST STRANGERS

Dr Julius Caesar, one of the Masters of Requests, Sir Henry Kilhgrew, and others are appointed commissioners to examine by secret means the authors of the libels against the strangers, and their favourers and abettors, and to discover their intentions

THE LIBEL

* Doth not the world see that you, beastly brutes, the Belgians or rather drunken drones, and faint-hearted Flemings , and you, fraudulent fathers, Frenchmen, by your cowardly flight from your own natural countries, have abandoned the same into the hands of your proud, cowardly enemies, and have

by a feigned hypocrisy and counterfeit show of religion placed yourselves